VOLUME XXXVII. JUNE 15, 1902. NO. 12.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Cliff Edward 2457

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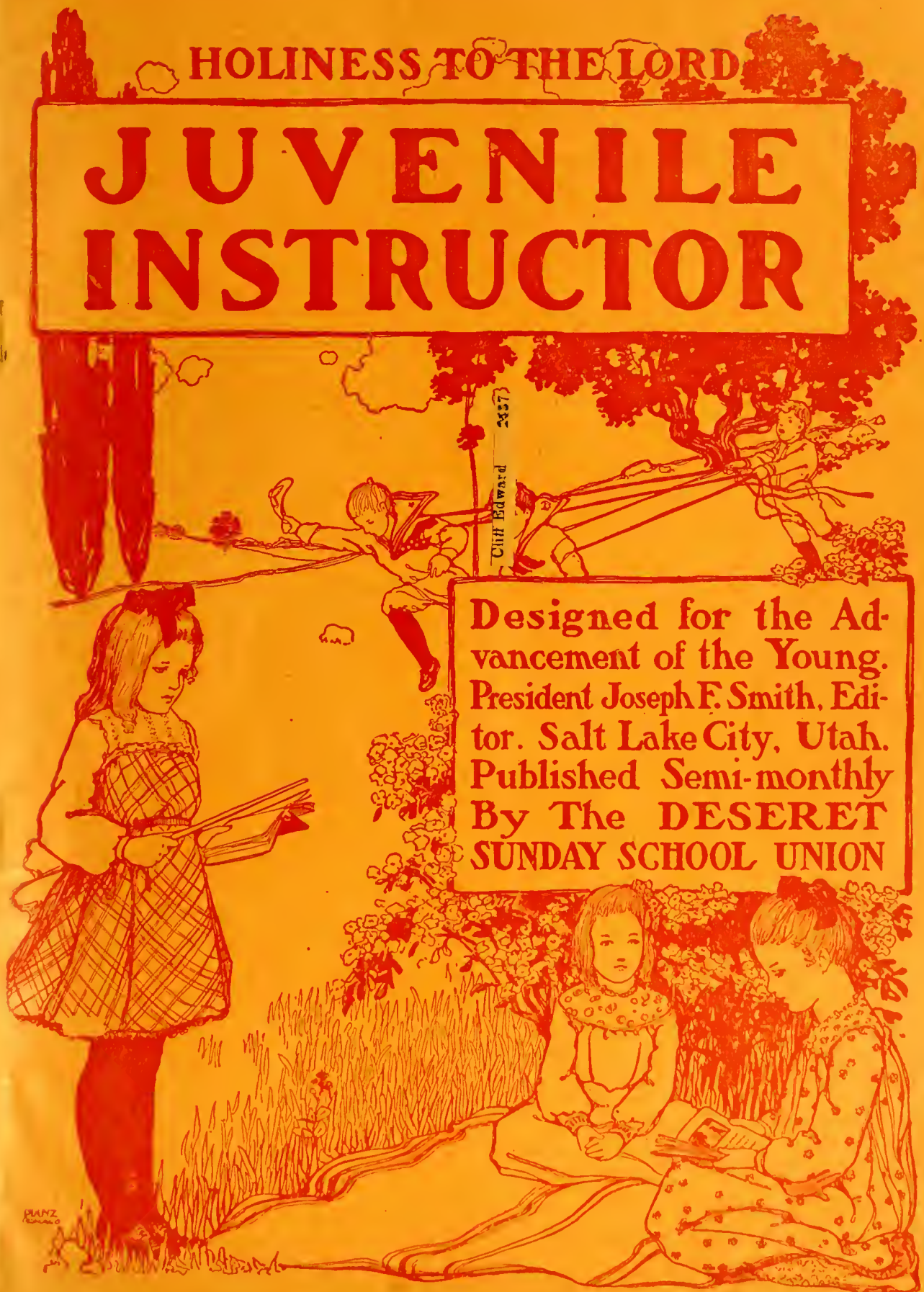

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It's nigh on twenty years ago,
Since last I handled that old bow—
Sit closer to the fire Joe,
I don't mind tellin' 'bout it.
—Ballads of Life, page 13.

And the gate forever swinging made no grating, no harsh ringing,
But melodious as the singing of one that we adore,
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me with glad word evermore.
—Ballads of Life, page 22.

Life's sweetest cup is mingled with bitterest drops of gall,
And dreary, rainy days will come upon the paths of all.
—Ballads of Life, page 54.

Great souls by eternal truth set free,
No longer in shackels bow;
The midnight has past, the jubilee
Has begun with the good time now.
—Ballads of Life, page 83.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts are beating low,
In a little while the Master will call for us to go.
—Ballads of Life, page 26.

What ails papa's mouth, said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl,
I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.
—Ballads of Life, page 122.

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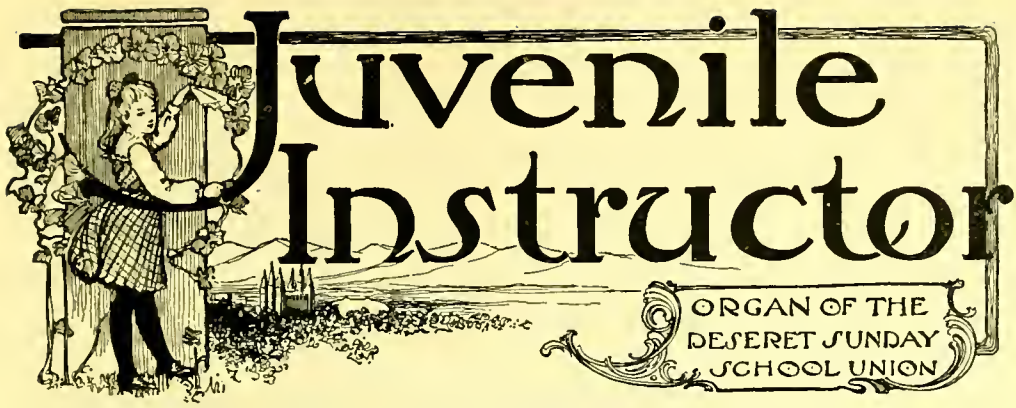



VOL. XXXVII. SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1902. NO. 12.

## THE LESSON OF LOYALTY.

A BEAUTIFUL lesson of loyalty and faithfulness is presented in the story of the early history of David, the son of Jesse, who afterwards became the great king of Israel. David was the youngest of eight sons, and had spent most of his youth taking care of his father's sheep. He was a comely and courageous youth, a singer and expert musician, playing on the harp. Till his encounter with the giant Goliath, the captain of the invading Philistine army, he was an obscure youth, but this event brought him prominently before the people. As a reward for his valor in slaying Goliath he was given the daughter of King Saul for his wife; he became a favorite of Saul and lived in the king's palace. But as David grew in popular favor it greatly displeased the king, who became envious and jealous of his son-in-law and sought to kill him, fearing that David would take away the kingdom from him. To save his life, therefore, David had to flee from the palace of the king and go to live in the wilderness, hiding himself in the woods and in the caves of the mountains, and afterwards in the land of the Philistines, who were the enemies of the people of Israel. But David doubtless felt himself safer among them than in his own country, where he was in constant danger of falling into the king's hands, as the spies of Saul often found his hiding places.

When in the land of Israel Saul sought David every day that he might take him, for he was determined that David should be put out of the way. If anyone did anything to aid David it greatly angered Saul. Because the Priest Ahimelech gave David bread to eat, and permitted him to take the sword of Goliath, not knowing that David was fleeing from Saul, the king had Ahimelech killed, and all his house, except one son, who escaped to David, and over eighty other priests were also killed; in addition to this the city of Nob, where the priests lived, was also put to the sword, and men, women and children, and even babies were cruelly killed, because of the hatred of Saul towards David.

David knew that Saul had been rejected of the Lord from being king over His people, Israel, for he himself had been anointed by the Prophet Samuel to be king, but the time had not yet come when he should assume that an-

thority and prerogative, as that outcome was yet to be brought about by the Lord, in His own time and way. It was years afterwards that David really became king.

In his efforts to take David when he was in hiding in the wilderness, Saul on one occasion led an army of three thousand men in the search. The king entered a cave by the way in which David and his men were hidden. As Saul was alone it would have been easy for David to destroy him, which his followers urged him to do, but he would not hear of it. "The Lord forbid," he said to his men, "that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth my hand against him, seeing he is the Lord's anointed." It hurt his feelings even to cut off a part of Saul's robe, which he did unawares to Saul that he might prove to him that he was still true to his king and had no enmity or ill-will towards him. When Saul rose up out of the cave to go his way, David followed, calling after him and showing Saul what he had done, how he might also have killed the king if he had been so minded. "The Lord judge between me and thee," said David, "and the Lord avenge me of thee; but mine hand shall not be upon thee." And Saul repented of the evil he intended to do to David, and said that David was more righteous than he. Saul then went his way and left off seeking to harm David, who had also covenanted with Saul that he would not destroy him nor his children after him.

SAUL AND DAVID.

The Spirit of the Lord had left Saul

and evil counsels again prevailed, as David feared they would. The kindly feelings of Saul towards David were of short duration, for it was not long before he again sought to take David. He and his followers were still in the wilderness, fearing to trust the fair promises of the king. With his little army David sometimes rescued the people of the weaker cities from the incursions of the Philistines and Amalekites. On a day when David was in a certain wilderness called Ziff, his presence there was made known to Saul, and he was again pursued by the king with a picked army. But that night a deep sleep came upon Saul and all his men, for they were very tired; and David arose with one of his trusted men, and went to the camp of Saul, and passing in the midst of the tents of the soldiers, they made their way to where the king lay sleeping. Again the life of the wicked king was at the mercy of David, for all the king's guards were asleep and did not know that their master was in danger. David's companion reminded him that the Lord had once more given his enemy into his hands, and he begged David to permit him to smite Saul and slay him. But David forbade him, saying: "Destroy him not; for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed and be guiltless? * * * The Lord shall smite him" * * * but "the Lord forbid that I should stretch forth my hand against the Lord's anointed."

To convince Saul once more that he bore him no ill-will, David took the spear and the cruse of water from near Saul's pillow and quietly left the camp, taking care not to awaken any of the king's guards. But when he was at a safe distance he cried out to the people who were with Saul and to his guards, and awoke them. He chided them sharply for their want of care for the king, the Lord's anointed, bidding them to send for the spear that he had taken away from beside the king, who was also awakened by this time. Again did David remonstrate with Saul for seeking his life without a cause, and asked him to regard his life as he, David, had regarded the king's. Saul once more made fair promises to David, saying that he would no longer seek to harm him, but would go his own way. But David still feared to trust the king, and went to live among the Philistines, he and all his followers, and they were given the land of Ziklag in which to dwell.

In the intervals between his campaigns against David, Saul was engaged in fighting the Philistines, and some time after the last meeting with David, and while he was still at Ziklag, a great battle was fought; the sons of Saul were among the slain and he himself was severely wounded. Being hard pressed by the Philistines and fearing to be taken alive by them, he fell upon his own sword and died by his own hand, with his sons.

Although the king was dead David was still loyal and true to his king, for when he and his followers heard of Saul's death "they rent their clothes and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul and for Jonathan his son (David's friend), and for the house of Israel; because they were fallen by the sword." The young man who brought the tidings of Saul's death was an Amalekite, a stranger to Israel. He falsely claimed that he had killed the king with his own hand at Saul's request, when he was sorely pressed by the Philistines in the battle. This was untrue, as already shown, but the man said this thinking to gain favor with David and receive some reward. But he little knew the unwavering devotion of David, who was far from being pleased, and asked the

man, "How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?" And to further impress the great lesson of loyalty and fidelity to the Lord's servants, David commanded one of his young men to slay the boasting falsifier, who, by his own mouth, brought judgment upon himself in saying that he had slain the Lord's anointed.

Once more was David's devotion put to the test, when Saul's son, who reigned in his father's stead, was treacherously killed and his head brought to David by his assassins, thinking thereby that they might gain favor with David and obtain a reward. Instead of receiving them graciously as they expected, David was wroth and sternly reminded them of the fate of him who had boasted that he had slain King Saul. "How much more," said he, "when wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house, upon his bed? Shall I not therefore now require his blood of your hand, and take you away from the earth?" David then commanded his young men and both were slain.

The Scriptures teem with examples which impress the importance of paying respect to authority, both of heaven and of earth. Jesus Himself made no exception to this law. When trying to ensnare Jesus, the Pharisees on one occasion asked Him if it was right to pay homage to an earthly ruler by giving tribute to Cæsar, the Roman emperor, who at that time ruled over Judea. On their showing Him a piece of money He asked them, "Whose is this image and superscription?" and they said Cæsar's. Then answered Jesus, "render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

While we have no king, anointed of the Lord, among us as they had in ancient Israel, to whom loyal service is due, we nevertheless do have the "Lord's anointed" ones, to whom we owe our sincerest loyalty. They are the Priesthood, they whom the Lord has placed over us to lead and direct the affairs of His Church and kingdom here on the earth. While their leadership is disinterested, and their rule is that inspired wholly by unselfish love, persuasion, exhortation, longsuffering and mercy, their authority should command our faithful and loyal support fully as much as if they had command over our bodies.

In affairs of state, a citizen can do no greater wrong than to betray his country and to become disloyal to its interests; such a man is justly looked upon by all good men as the vilest of creatures. If one by word or deed does aught against his government, especially in times of war or great peril, he must answer for treason and sedition. This same principle obtains in Church affairs. If by word or deed we do aught to oppose or embarrass those who preside over us, who have been ordained and anointed to that office, or if we do or say aught that will lessen the esteem and fidelity of others for the Priesthood, or in any way lessen its influence for good, we become traitors to our Father's cause, and are guilty of lifting our hands against the Lord's anointed. David, we have seen, would not presume to do this; even though Saul had been rejected of the Lord and had become very wicked, seeking by every means possible to slay David, he was still the Lord's anointed, till the Lord saw fit to remove him. No man had a right to remove him or ignore his authority.

On the subject of loyalty and the respect due to the messengers of heaven—those who bear the Priesthood—Jesus was most emphatic. "As my Father hath sent me," He said to His disciples,

"so have I sent you: he that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that rejecteth you rejecteth me, and will be rejected of my Father."

"We cannot serve God and slight the counsels of His servants. If we expect the favor of God, we must favor His servants and sustain them," was the terse way the late President Heber C. Kimball expressed his sentiments of loyalty.

This article cannot be better concluded than by quoting a few lines from the sayings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. At a meeting held in Nauvoo, Illinois, July 2, 1839, with the Twelve Apostles and some of the Seventies who were about to go on their mission to Europe, the Prophet Joseph gave, among other instructions, the following touching the important principle of loyalty to the Lord and to His servants:

"O ye Twelve!" said Joseph, "and all Saints! profit by this important key—that in all your trials, troubles, temptations, afflictions, bonds, imprisonments and death, see to it, that you do not betray heaven; that you do not betray Jesus Christ; that you do not betray the brethren; that you do not betray the revelations of God, whether in the Bible, Book of Mormon, or Doctrine and Covenants, or any other that ever was or ever will be given and revealed unto man in this world or that which is to come. Yea, in all your kicking and flounderings, see to it that you do not this thing, lest innocent blood be found in your skirts, and you go down to hell. All other sins are not to be compared to sinning against the Holy Ghost, and proving a traitor to thy brethren."

*Jos. Hyrum Parry.*

## WHERE CONSCIENCE PREVAILED.

### A TRUE STORY.

MANY of the people of Utah will remember that long, cold winter in the Seventies' when so many of the cattle died, leaving many families with only a cow and some none at all. The family of John Hurst will never forget that memorable winter. They had gathered what hay they thought would last their cattle until spring. Then their attention was turned towards getting themselves clothing and shoes for winter. The merchant in the Co-op. store in the little town of L— —— kindly offered to let Mr. Hurst haul a load of freight for loaning him his team and wagon. This plan was hailed with joy by Mr. Hurst's only daughter, as she thought of all the nice, new things she would get.

Mrs. Hurst only, was hoping and praying that he would get his load and start home before seeing a saloon, because of his lack of resisting the temptation of the wine cup.

After he had been away from home almost long enough to return, word came that he had spent his money in a saloon and skipped out to parts unknown with the team and wagon. His reputation for honesty had been unques-

tioned, so the story was hard to believe until neither he nor other tidings reached the settlement. Then it was universally believed. His wife being well aware of his weakness knew not what to dread nor where his folly might land him. The misery of that poor soul that long winter was almost beyond human endurance. Even neighbors and friends looked askance at the family and hinted that Mrs. Hurst was preparing to accompany her husband when a suitable opportunity appeared.

While this feeling was uppermost they were loth to give employment to the family or other needful assistance. This course of the neighbors made it very distressing for the Hurst family. How they managed to get through that dreadful winter only they and the Lord know; but with much pinching they succeeded in keeping a cow or two alive.

Sometime during the following summer word was brought by a traveler that Mr. Hurst was in a mining camp in Nevada. Mrs. Hurst thought with horror of spending another winter alone; she told the merchant she would prepare things and if she could get a chance would go out there and try what she could do to redeem his lost property and maybe save her husband from further disgrace. The time longed for at length arrived and the family started on a journey that meant so much for poor Mrs. Hurst. In due time they arrived safely in Nevada, where the husband and father was at work. He was pleased but very much ashamed, to face his family. This feeling gradually wore off and pleasure took its place. He was a good, reliable worker, so easily obtained work.

Pay day came every three months and the men had to go a few miles to receive their money. Mrs. Hurst persuaded their daughter to accompany her father on these trips to care for him and his money. He was sure to drink, and some one is always ready to take a drunken man's money. The daughter got possesion of the wages and gave them to her mother. In this way means was saved to pay the merchant at L——, but it took two years in which to do it. When Mr. Hurst found that they could go home again and he appear an honest, honorable man he was so overcome with joy that he wept like a child. He called his family together and knelt down and thanked God for such a noble family. Be it said to his credit that since that time drink has not had such a hold on him. Our Father sometimes permits us to go to extremes before we realize the evil of our conduct, especially if we are not prayerful every day. *Mary.*

### LIFE AND DEATH.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
Never mind how he died.

*Selected.*

## GOING ON A MISSION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 347.)

ONE morning about half an hour after leaving our camping-ground, we found the corpse of a young man lying in the road, stripped of all his clothes except his shirt and his socks. He had been killed by Indians the night before and they had carried away his scalp along with his gun and his clothes. It was indeed a ghastly sight to behold in such a place and in such a condition; an arrow, which was left sticking in his side, showed that he had been killed at close quarters. He belonged to a company of emigrants, who had been camping about a mile distant from our last night's camping-place, and some of their men soon joined us after our discovery of the murdered man's remains. The men gave us the following information concerning this sad affair:

He had left their company, about dusk, the previous day, as they drew near to the place where they finally made their camp, as he had seen some game and desired to secure some for the company. He must have come unawares upon the Indians, who perhaps were also out hunting, and he had evidently made an effort to escape from his pursuers and reach the company's camp, and, at last, he had fired his gun at them, but without effect, and then he was set upon by his cruel assailants and murdered in his defenseless condition.

The emigrants tried to persuade us to join them in pursuing the Indians and take revenge upon them, but in this they did not succeed, so we left it to themselves to take care of the remains, as we were traveling in opposite directions; their destination being Oregon.

After such an object lesson, we had additional reasons for being very humble and at the same time to *watch* as well as *pray*, which, however, we had done all the time, and this, no doubt, accounts for the marvelous protection which we had enjoyed thus far.

Our next camping-ground was selected with special care for security, as well as concealment, on a piece of dry ground in the midst of some extensive swamps where the tall grass and rushes almost hid us from view, and in addition to this, a heavy thunder-storm came up with rain and lightning, which kept us pretty well awake and most likely also kept the Indians from annoying or attacking us; for we were pretty sure that there were some of them not very far off.

After this we met with no adventure of special interest. God was still with us. We had henceforth, most of the time, good, level roads to travel on, yet many of the animals began to show signs of fatigue as they had had but very little grain along the journey and most of them none at all. Some of the breth-

ren had been on missions before, and while walking they would sometimes relate incidents of personal experience to each other, and testify by their experience to their own actual knowledge of the truth and divinity of the work of God in which all were so much interested. Others would relate what their veteran fathers had experienced during the trying ordeals through which they had passed when persecuted by the mobs in Missouri and Illinois. I will here relate one of these wonderful stories, which tended to increase my faith and reliance on a kind Father in Heaven and made me trust in Him for the satisfactory termination of the present journey, with all its troubles and difficulties.

A brother, by the name of Hoagland, (whose father was then Bishop of the Fourteenth Ward in Salt Lake City) related the following incident in his father's experience:

It was in the Spring of the year 1844, when many of the best men in the Church were out on a special mission, to advocate the election of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, to the presidency of the United States, that my father, Bishop Hoagland, was traveling with Elder George A. Smith, stumping the country for this purpose. They were traveling in a light one-horse wagon, taking their chances with the people, for their food and lodgings. One day, when they had gone without these necessary accommodations too long, they both felt much in need of something to eat. They had entered a small patch of timber, where there was some nice, green grass, when Elder George A. Smith, said: Let us stop here and ask the Lord for something to eat—here is plenty for the horse. This suggestion was at once carried out. The horse was unhitched and let out on the grass, while the brethren retired into a more secluded place and engaged in prayer, especially asking for something to satisfy their hunger. After prayer they felt entirely satisfied as far as the cravings of their stomachs were concerned, and after a while they hitched up and proceeded on their journey, but they had only gone a very short distance, when they were surprised by finding a large cheese lying upon a stone in the middle of the road and a clean new knife lying crossways on the top of it. Brother Smith said, here is our supper, and so they stepped out and, with thankful hearts, proceeded on their journey, taking the cheese with them.

The government horse we delivered to the commanding officer at Fort Laramie, as we could not with safety let it go with us any farther for fear of being charged with having stolen it.

At every station along the road we found both soldiers and civilians alarmed on account of the Indians, whose depredations extended all along the line from the Rocky Mountains to within a comparatively short distance from some of the thickly settled portions of the State of Nebraska.

Thus, when we arrived at a place called Grand Island, about 150 miles from Omaha, another remarkable circumstance happened, under the guidance of a kind Providence, which proved the first leaf turned in our favor. Our team being weak, was traveling some distance behind the rest of our company, as we at that time considered ourselves pretty safe from the Indians. At Grand Island was a large supply-store, kept by a couple of Germans, and one of the Manti brethren—Elder Andrew Nielsen—had got to talk with these merchants about the risk of living in such an exposed locality, without any means of getting away, even if they could be warned in time to flee. He finally suggested that they should buy our whole outfit, which they could get cheap, and by giving the animals rest and plenty of grain and grass, they would do them good service. The result was, that we sold these gentlemen our outfit and received a draft for $225.00 on the Bank of Omaha, and what little luggage we had was kindly taken by our brethren in their wagons, while we took it gladly

on foot the rest of the way to within a couple of miles from Omaha, where we made our last camp in an organized capacity.

The next morning an informal council was held in our camp, with a view to arranging for the disposal of the teams and other things that would be of no further use to us, and to get our tickets bought as cheaply as possible for the journey to New York. Here a new trial awaited me. My unfortunate partner, Brother L., appealed to the brethren for means, wherewith to pay his transportation toward his final destination, which was Norway. But he met with a severe rebuff, as he was plainly told that he should have made his arrangements for that purpose before leaving Utah instead of calculating on somebody else. His plea, that his mule was taken from him in Salt Lake City, did not convince the brethren that he had a claim upon their means, as he should have stayed back and looked after his interests in that city and not in Omaha. Thus he was absolutely without any means of his own with which to proceed further, and he consequently felt very bad, and I did also. By dividing the money, which we had obtained for our outfit, and paying the other man his share for his horse, there was plenty left for me to pay my expenses, but Brother L. had nothing. I asked him sympathetically, what he proposed to do, and, to my surprise, he answered, I have no other to fall back on for help except you, Brother Christiansen. I at first remonstrated with him on this proposition, as it would make me just as unable to reach my destination as it would make him—neither of us would have enough—but he said, that we should trust in the Lord and act as brothers. So I divided all the money I had with him, and he assured me that I should have a full half share in his mule, which had been taken from us in Salt Lake City. I had but very little faith in ever getting a cent back from that source, but what money I had left would at least pay my fare to New York, and I thought of earning some money there, by working at my trade as a painter, if no other way was left me to get to my field of labor.

When the other outfits were sold at auction in Omaha, not one of them brought anything near the price which our poor despised outfit had brought us, and most of them not even half as much.

Bishop Preston purchased tickets to New York for us at $65 each. We traveled by steamer from Omaha down the Missouri river to St. Joseph, and from there, by railway, to New York. I had therefore only a few dollars left after paying my fare. Our tickets entitled us to go by any one of four different steamers that belonged to the same company, whenever we could catch them; for there were no regular time-arrangements for their coming or departure, consequently, all passengers were expected to watch for them, if they wanted to be taken along.

My limited resources would not allow me to lodge in a hotel, so I sought for and found some Scandinavian acquaintances, that I had heard were in Omaha, and I was received by them with the greatest kindness. They had partly lost faith in the Gospel, and one of the families had even been in Utah, while the other family had never got any farther than to Omaha, but I had known them both intimately, and the family, who had been in Utah, had been my next door neighbors. They were very good people, and made me welcome to their home and such comforts as they could bestow upon me, as long as I would stay, and I soon found that my presence

was a God-send to them, as the smouldering embers of their first genuine Gospel-love began to burn again in their honest souls. My desire, however, was to get on board the first steamer that would take me off; but the Lord seemed to want it otherwise; for I came too late three or four times, and once I was even so near the steam boat, that, if I had come only one minute earlier, I could have got on board. I felt almost like swearing at my bad luck, yet I afterwards learned that the Lord had His hand in it. I was thus kept in Omaha a whole week and performed some good among these people, who have since all come to Utah and proved themselves to be excellent Latter-day Saints. It must be borne in mind, that Omaha was at that time a general dumping-ground for all kinds of dissatisfied Mormons and for rank apostates, and I had some of them to contend against occasionally, yet my personal character gave me some advantage over their bitter attacks upon "the Mormons" as a whole. They could not charge me with anything improper, except that I was going out to deceive people, etc. One of my early fellow-laborers in Scandinavia, I found there as a bitter apostate, yet he pretended to still have much personal friendship for me, but I could not accept of such false friendship and left him in disgust and with pity.

When finally, I reached New York, I found myself *again one day too late*, the most of the other missionaries having left that port the day before my arrival. Here I was in that large city, almost without money, and I felt quite sore and disappointed over it. But when I found Brother Wm. H. Miles, who was the local president of the small branch of the Church there, he encouraged me by informing me that Bishop Preston had deposited $30 with him with which to pay my fare to Liverpool; and, said he, "You can sleep here in my office and visit the Saints and get your meals with them, so that your stay will not cost you anything." These were indeed encouraging tidings, but I was advised to wait a whole week in New York, as he expected some of the missionaries, that had not yet arrived, would come in and thus I should have company across the sea.

The money thus bestowed upon me, was a gift from Captain Wm. H. Hooper, our Territorial Delegate to Congress; as he had donated $200, and left the amount with Bishop Preston, for the benefit of any missionaries who might be found short of means. I felt exceedingly grateful for this unexpected assistance and the time was passed very agreeably in New York.

With only a faint hope of learning anything more about the lost mule, I called every day during the week at the banking house of Holladay & Co., but, no news nor money came along. I finally had bought my ticket to Liverpool, and, on my way to the dock, I called again at the bank, when, to my happy surprise, I found a letter that had come that morning, containing a draft for $150, sent by Brother Van Cott. He had proven his rightful ownership to the mule that he sold us, had obtained the animal, and then had sold it again for the sum which the enclosed check called for.

Thus I sailed from New York with quite a sum of money in my possession, and I herewith humbly and with gratitude acknowledge the hand of our kind Father in Heaven in thus detaining me long enough, both in Omaha and in New York, for this much needed money to reach me, as it otherwise would have been lost to us.

I arrived safe in Liverpool, where I

related to President Daniel H. Wells my trials and their fortunate termination, and I offered to pay the $30 back, which I had received in New York to pay for my passage across the sea, but he refused to take the money, and told me to keep it with his blessings, as I had yet a long way to go to reach my field of labor—Norway.

Arriving there, I found my friend and much tried partner, Brother L., very happy to meet me, and especially to receive from me $75 in ready cash, as his share of the mule money.

*C. C. A. Christiansen.*

## OUR MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

### THE BASIL (SWITZERLAND) SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BASIL, in Switzerland, is a very ancient city. It is built on both sides of the River Rhine, and has a population of about 125,000 souls, mostly Swiss, Germans and Italians.

In this city is a prosperous Latter-day Saint Sunday School, which is increasing rapidly in numbers. In February last the average attendance was 25 children and 7 grown persons. On April 20th (when the accompanying photograph was taken by Elder J. Leo Hafen) there were 80 children and 32 adults present.

THE BASIL (SWITZERLAND) SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The school convenes at 10 o'clock each Sunday morning. Elder Daniel F. Harding, of Smithfield, Cache Valley, is the superintendent; his assistants are Brothers Hafen, Weber and Zaugg. The Sunday School Treatise is closely followed in the exercises. A new song is learned each week. Fortunately the school has at its command several rooms to which the classes retire when the opening exercises are over, this they do to the strains of a march.

Altogether we judge, from the items furnished us by Superintendent Harding, that the Basil school is "up-to-date" and progressive.

## HOW I CAME TO BE BAPTIZED.

"ASK, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

As personal experience, truthfully related, is by far the most valuable testimony in matters of fact, the following incident is submitted in verification of the words of the Savior above quoted:

At the age of eighteen years I was an unbeliever in any revealed religion. To me the Bible was a fraud, existence after death a myth, Christianity an imposture. Still I had a conviction that there was a Supreme Creator, who, in some degree exercised a moral jurisdiction over His children in this life.

One day, reading a London periodical, the *Family Herald*, I was deeply impressed with an editorial, headed, "Live for an Object." The point made was, that if a young man of average ability would select any feasible object for his life's work, and devote every energy to the accomplishment of that object, there was nothing, within the range of possibility, but what he might accomplish. I read and re-read the article and finally resolved that I would select some such object and proceed to work on its attainment.

My first thought was that I would seek wealth; but on grave reflection, this object seemed to involve so many contingencies, perplexities and vexations that I abandoned it. At length it occurred to me that man's primary object should be to live so as to serve God, and I finally resolved to adopt that object, provided I should learn what God required of me.

Now, although I did not believe in Christianity I reflected that it might be true nevertheless; and to determine this I resolved to ask God that if true He would put it in my heart to so understand. Most fervently did I pray, day after day, on this particular point, and at length the answer came. My bedside was the altar at which I knelt, and one night entering my room I saw on the bed a bound volume of tracts, marked "Orson Pratt's Pamphlets." Although the circumstances attending the appearance of this book in my bedroom were, in a sense, miraculous, I shall here pass them by. At that time I was studying a deistical work entitled "Cooper's analy-

zation of the Holy Scriptures," wherein the author sought to prove the Bible false, from certain passages, apparently contradictory, proclaiming God's omnipresence on the one hand and His personality on the other. I opened the book at the "Absurdities of Immaterialism," which seemed to me as if it had been written to refute every argument that Mr. Cooper had advanced. As I read on a new and most extraordinary feeling came over me, so pleasurable and yet so different from anything I had ever before experienced. The time passed unobserved, as I read pamphlet after pamphlet. At length I became so thoroughly convinced of the truth of what I read, that I closed the book, and, falling on my knees, thanked God from the inmost recesses of my heart, that He had heard and answered my prayers.

Although this was the first intimation I ever had of the Latter-day Saints or their doctrines, the impression there and then created on my mind was so strong that I got baptized within a week. Thus it was that I realized for myself the truth of the Savior's saying: "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

*David McKenzie.*

## AN ITEM OF HAND CART EXPERIENCE.

IN 1856, after five years active labor in the ministry, the writer was honorably released from the presidency of the then largest branch of the London Conference, that he might gather to Zion.

He forwarded to the office of the British Mission in Liverpool, funds, with instruction to purchase an ox-team outfit to convey himself and wife and their four children from the outfitting point, Iowa City, to Great Salt Lake City.

About this time the subject of making the journey across the plains by hand-carts was submitted to the Saints in the European missions; accompanied by the suggestion that those able to emigrate that season by ox or horse teams would be blest if they had faith to go by hand-carts, costing so much less than teams and wagons and would use the means thus saved to emigrate other faithful Saints who did not have means to gather to Utah that year.

The writer confesses, that, in view of his wife being unused to travel, and that the four children were of tender years, ranging from six years, the oldest, to eleven months, the youngest, he hesitated, indeed made up his mind not to adopt the suggestion requiring a journey of thirteen hundred miles on foot, from Iowa City to Salt Lake, by hand-cart.

As the time for beginning the season's emigration approached, others were preparing to emigrate who had been co-laborers with, and under the presidency of this branch-president. They declared they were going in the same company, and in the same way that he was going.

Finding this condition of affairs, and realizing that he had always striven to

set a becoming example in temporal and spiritual matters to the brethren and sisters entrusted to his care, he hesitated no longer, but at once wrote to President Franklin D. Richards, asking to be numbered on the hand-cart list; and to hold the balance of funds subject to order, "to be used for emigration purposes only."

After receiving the approval of President Richards, this change was announced in public meeting; and, to the credit of those who emigrated from that branch that season, all adopted the same method of gathering.

At the Sunday sacrament and testimony meeting after the announcement of the change, the gift of tongues was exercised by one of the sisters present. The interpretation was clearly given to the president, but for obvious reasons he refrained from speaking it. After a pause, a sister, other than the one who had spoken in tongues, arose and gave the interpretation as follows: "I, the Lord, am well pleased with the offering made by my servant Elder B——; and notwithstanding he shall see the angel of death laying waste on his right hand and on his left, on his front and on his rearward, yet he and his family shall gather to Zion in safety, and not one of them shall fall by the way."

It is a matter of history indelibly impressed upon the survivors of the Edward Martin Handcart Company of six hundred and four souls who started from Winter Quarters on the 25th of August, the remnant of which company entered Salt Lake City on Sunday the 30th of November, 1856, as to "the angel of death laying waste," during that journey. The promise given in that exercise of the gift of tongues and interpretation was literally fulfilled. Every one of that family of six arrived in Salt Lake City. Not one of them fell by the way! Each of the children, by the divine blessing, attained maturity and honorably married under Gospel ordinances. One, the youngest, died in 1886, mother of seven children, born in the covenant, an honored officer in the Relief Society and Primary Association. The eldest was called in 1879 to settle in Arizona; and with his family still resides there. The two other sons with their families are residing in Salt Lake City.

An event, however, took place in that perilous journey which, for the time being, seemed to indicate that the Lord's promise in that gift of tongues would not be fully realized.

Two good sisters, one, an aged widow, the other unmarried, in the kindness of their womanly hearts, had volunteered to assist the mother by taking charge of one of the children, at the close of each day's travel till the following morning. The offer was gratefully accepted and the four and a half year old, blue eyed, fair haired boy, became the chosen one to share the added protection of their tender care.

One morning, after a very cold night, when winter had overtaken the company, these sisters were horrified to find their little pet lying between them dead, as they decided, and in this condition they brought him to his parents. His father, who had already made a fire, took the child and began by anointing him with consecated oil, and praying over him, calling upon the Lord to keep His promise that not one of the family should fall by the way in gathering to Zion. Tests were applied, but not a heart beat or other sign of life was in the child. The father continued to administer, to chafe the limbs and body, and to call upon the Lord to fulfill His promise. After what appeared to the sympathetic fellowtravelers and sufferers as a very long time, the father

thought he saw a slight flutter in the child's throat; this encouraged further rubbing, chafing and administration until, finally, by God's power and blessing, the dear child unclosed his eyes and is now a resident of Salt Lake City, father of nine children and likewise a grandfather.

That word of the Lord, given by the gift of tongues, inspired a faith, an assurance, which prompted administrations and prayers in behalf of a child who was looked upon as dead by the scores present in that camp; and it is the father's conviction that, if that promise had not been made the boy would have been given up as dead; and would have been laid with the hundreds of that company who were buried by the wayside in that trying journey.

*Scribo.*

## SELECTED POEMS.

### KITTY'S ARITHMETIC.

"Seven sheep were standing
By the pasture wall,
Tell me," said the teacher
To her scholars small,

"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped and ran away—
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.

"Please, ma'am?" "Well, then, Kitty,
Tell us if you know,"
"Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."

### THE HURRYING HOURS.

How often the thoughts come home to me,
As the moments hurry away,
Of the many things I intend to do
Somehow, some time, some day.
There are promises that have not been kept,
Though I always meant to be true,
But time is too short for all the things
That a body intends to do.

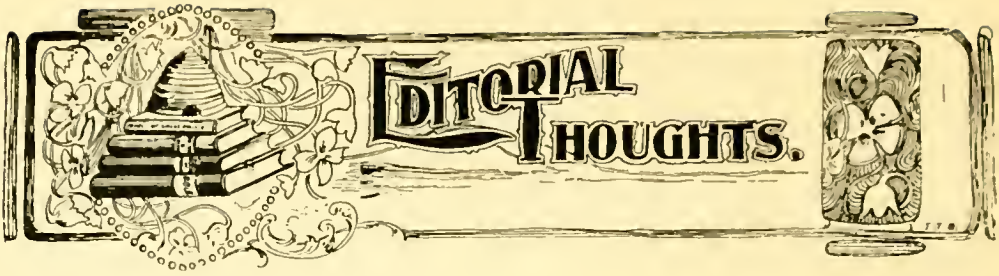
I will write a letter or read a book,
I will write a bit of rhyme;
I will do the things that I ought to do
Some day when I have time.
So I look beyond, as I hope and plan,
For the days that are just ahead,
While the day that is here goes into the grave
With its opportunities dead.

To-day is the only day we have,
Of to-morrow we can't be sure;
To seize the chance as it comes along
Is the way to make it secure.
For every year is a shorter year,
And this is a truth sublime—
A moment misspent is a jewel lost
From the treasury of time.

### THE POTTER.

The potter stands beside his shaping wheel,
Red earth in hand.
Within his thought there lies the finished scheme
Of that he would produce—a wondrous theme,
For strength and beauty planned,
To bear at last the impress of his seal.

My God, the Potter Thou and I the clay!
Work Thou Thy will.
Beneath Thy hand I would submissive lie;
As turns the wheel of life shape me thereby—
Thy fair design fulfil.
Master adorable, have Thou Thy way!




SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - JUNE 15, 1902.

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## EXTRAVAGANCE AT FUNERALS.

THERE have grown up of late among the Saints certain extravagant practices in the conduct of funeral ceremonies. The existence of instances in which Latter-day Saints are greatly distressed by reason of expenses incurred in the ceremonies connected with the burial of their dead is the reason for these words of admonition. It is not the intention to here discourage any appropriate and deserving respect which our people may desire to pay to their loved ones who have departed this life, and if the display at funerals were wholly a result of a desire to honor the dead and manifest sincere mourning perhaps little could be said against certain practices that prevail among us. But it is to be feared that much of the pomp and display at funerals is really a desire to follow the precedents of others and imitate certain practices that have grown up connected with these occasions. It may also be that some are actuated by a fear that they may be subjected to public criticism if they do not make all the display that their more prosperous neighbors and friends make on such occasions.

In the first place wise and thoughtful Latter-day Saints who have means to gratify an ambition to have a grand funeral procession, imposing ceremonies, and a great display of flowers, will realize that their example will be imitated by their poorer brethren so far as these brethren can imitate the example set, and the more prosperous will not therefore embarrass those less well to do by striking contrasts, or force them to undertake a display which will involve them in debt and bring financial distress. Those, likewise, whose means are limited, should refuse to follow the example of those who are indiscreet and love display. Besides extravagant demonstrations are too frequently manifestations of insincerity and pride. Whenever therefore a father or a mother undertakes an extravagant display at the funeral of a child or other relative, a display which one's means do not warrant, the funeral loses its solemn significance and its heart-felt mourning. The simpler and more heart-felt our ceremonies over the dead the more consistent they are with the character of our lives

and our religion. Simplicity characterizes all that is true and genuine in our faith whether it relates to the living or the dead. If those who are well-to-do would first stop and ask themselves the question, when they are about to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead, "What effect is my example likely to have upon my brethren and sisters generally, who will try to imitate me, and who will reason that their dead are entitled to as much respect (no not respect —display—) as I give to mine?" it is believed that many would be much more conservative and simple in their demonstrations. There are instances in which it has required the strictest economy and great self-denial to meet in a year or two the extravagant outlay incurred at a single funeral. Such instances are too numerous and should serve as a warning against extravagance that is robbing many of our people of that simple, sincere mourning which is more truly heartfelt, and therefore more approved by God. There are instances of funerals of a public character in which the demonstrations are more general and more pretentious, but the display at such funerals should not be a guide to those ceremonies which should be more strictly private and reserved. Bishops who know the condition of the families of their wards should not hesitate to offer words of caution and counsel on this subject to the people and to restrain those who are disposed to be extravagantly unwise in family funerals. Sincere mourning naturally seeks seclusion and shrinks from all public display. The attitude of the Latter-day Saints toward the living and the dead is so well understood and so comprehensive that all efforts to follow the example of the world should be discouraged.

Even in the days of President Brigham Young the growing tendency among the Saints to extravagance at funerals was attracting the attention of the presiding authorities. President Young at various times, especially at meetings of the Priesthood, strongly deprecated this tendency. With the desire to stem the tide in the direction of unnecessary display and consequent expense on these sad occasions, the President at one session of the School of the Prophets asked the members of that School to express in writing their wishes with regard to the manner of their funerals, and to hand what they wrote to him. Many of the brethren complied with this request. Their wishes, though expressed in different terms, were practically unanimous in favor of economy, neatness and the avoidance of display. We append a few of those answers:

In response to a request at our last School by President Brigham Young I earnestly desire my family and friends to observe the strictest economy in my funeral expenses, viz.: I wish to be interred in a good, plain, unadorned coffin. I wish my family and friends to meet in their ordinary Sunday-going apparel, without the addition of black crape on their persons, no pall thrown over the coffin, or black cloth to adorn the stand, or expensive monument at the grave. I wish it entirely optional with my friends as to who comes to the funeral services, no one especially invited to preach on the occasion, or to conduct the singing. No solicitation from friends for the use of their carriages and no hired hacks for the occasion. The manner of conveying my remains to the cemetery I leave to my family's choice.

My desire is to live to a good old age, that is, as long as I am able to do good and magnify the Priesthood and calling placed upon me, and when I have faithfully performed my work here below, and filled up the measure of my creation upon the earth, that I may fall asleep and depart in peace, to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. My body to be washed and dressed in my temple robes and put into a plain coffin of redwood mahogany. My funeral to be conducted by one or more faithful fellow-laborers in the Gospel to speak words of comfort and consolation to my family and friends, to en-

courage them to faithfulness. No deep sorrow, grief or tears, but rather rejoice that I have been faithful; then to be taken to the place in a plain hearse or spring wagon, the grave dug deep with a box or case for the coffin. My family and friends not to go to any extra expense in buying black dresses, crape or otherwise.

At my death my desire is to be washed clean and properly dressed, and put in a plain coffin stained. My funeral to be at my own residence if possible. I also wish that no member of my family wear anything on that occasion as an emblem of mourning, especially anything black, and as many of my friends to attend as can make it convenient.

I request the School will see that at my demise, there be no ostentations parade at my funeral and that the coffin and everything be plain and with as little expense as possible.

It is my request that when I am dead that my family will have wisdom to inter me in plainness and in decency and in accordance with my means.

As I expect to live always among the brethren, I ask to be buried among them should I require burial, avoiding ostentation, and according to the simplest forms and ceremonies then prevailing.

*Joseph F. Smith.*

## HOW A SPANIARD FOUND THE TRUTH.

DURING the last general conference of the Church, I met an old friend, from Mexico. Our meeting brought to mind some of the incidents of our first acquaintance, formed in 1874.

In July of that year a man named Blanchard, a Frenchman, who had a nominal standing in the Church, called upon me at the *Deseret News* office. He stated that he had met with an interesting stranger. He had seen, on a list of arrivals at the Valley House hotel, the name of Mileton Gonzalez Trejo. Thinking that this man, evidently from his name, must be a Spaniard, and probably unable to speak English, it occurred to Brother Blanchard that he might, as he could speak Spanish, be of some service to him. Acting upon this impulse he visited the stranger at the hotel, and found the only object of the coming of the Spaniard to Utah to be that he might live among the Latter-day Saints.

At my suggestion Brother Blanchard introduced the stranger to President Brigham Young, who received him with marked kindness. He was then brought to me.

Time and hard experience have made decided inroads upon my friend since then. I had, up to the time of meeting him, associated the ideal Spaniard with a swarthy complexion, dark hair, piercing black eyes, and a haughty manner. Instead of one having these pecularities there stood before me a slender man, below medium height, with clear blue eyes, light hair, beard and general complexion. His whole make-up was attractive. He spoke English with difficulty, yet it was a pleasure to listen to him, because of the softness of his voice. I at once regarded him as an interesting personality, and so consider him now. This being the case I learned something about his history.

His parents were in comfortable worldly circumstances, his father being a colonel in the Spanish army. It was the desire of the father that his son should be a priest, and, in order that Mileton might

have the necessary training, took him to a convent when he was fourteen years old. The lad was so much set against being a priest and wept so bitterly about it that the father relented and took him home.

When he reached the age of nineteen he was commissioned a lieutenant in the army and was, some time afterwards, called into active service because of a revolution to dethrone the Spanish queen. At this time he made the acquaintance of a lieutenant of artillery, named Barrueco.

This man was described as good and intelligent. He told Mileton that there was a people in the western part of America called "Mormons." Their Church was about the same as in the days of Moses. They had a Prophet to whom God spoke, and in course of time they would be the head of the whole earth.

This statement had such a strong effect upon Mileton that he made up his mind that such a people should be his people, and he would either reach them or "die on the road."

In the hope of gaining his desire he applied to be assigned to the Philippine Islands, which are now in possession of the United States, as a result of the late war with Spain. His request was granted in 1872, and he and others set out for their destination. On the way he passed through France, where he picked up a small pamphlet, written by the late Louis Bertrand, an Elder of the Church. This leaflet gave him additional light about the Saints and their religion and increased his desire to sometime reach the Rocky Mountains.

Shortly after his arrival at the Philippines he was appointed to direct the colonizing of the Island of Paragua. His income was, in this way, largely increased and before long, he became the owner of $2,000. But he lost the spirit of going to America. He was haunted by the thought that he had acted as a traitor to his family and nation. His feelings were such that he was almost prostrated with despondency.

He made up his mind to appeal to God for relief. He bowed before the Lord and prayed for light. A soothing sensation came over him and he lay down and fell asleep. The vision of his mind was opened and his soul was satisfied. He has never disclosed the details of what was manifested to him. He has deemed it too sacred to converse about. It was, however, clearly shown him that the Saints are the people of God. He recovered at once from his despondency, which was followed by a peaceful and satisfied feeling.

He applied to the governor for leave of absence for eight months. The request was denied. This governor was soon supplanted by a successor, who granted the furlough—leave of absence. Mileton then took passage for San Francisco, where he arrived on the 4th of July, 1874. In a few days after that date he was at the Valley House, Salt Lake City, where he was found by Brother Blanchard.

Soon after reaching here he, for the sake of practice, translated the Voice of Warning into the Spanish language.

He was soon baptized and confirmed a member of the Church, and the Priesthood was conferred upon him.

Elder Trejo has done much missionary work in Mexico, preaching the Gospel and assisting in the establishment of colonies, and is thus engaged at the present time, mostly in Sonora.

This story is told as an instance which manifests the providential care of the Eternal Father over those of His children who love Him and desire to do His will. *John Nicholson.*

## HEALINGS BY FAITH.

IN the year 1851, the writer, then but a youth, was called to leave his home in London, England, and labor, as a traveling Elder, to introduce the Gospel in Essex. He went literally "without purse or scrip." His first field of labor was in the town of Maldon where, under the blessings of the Lord, he succeeded in breaking new ground, sowing good seed and bringing a number of honest people into the Church as the harvest of his toils. A branch of the Church was organized there and others in the surrounding towns and villages. The gifts of the Gospel were made manifest, and there were several remarkable cases of healing.

Mrs. Mary Barwell, a lady advanced in years, had been for a long time suffering from heart disease which the leading physicians of the place had pronounced incurable, and her demise was looked for speedily. She received the Gospel and strongly desired to obey it, but it was thought unsafe and indeed almost impossible for her to leave her room to be baptized. But receiving a promise that she should be strengthened for the task, she summoned up courage, was conveyed to the bath-house on the Blackwater, a river joining an arm of the sea which reaches to that town, and was baptized by me into the Church. Immediately on being raised from the water, she shouted praise to God, walked up the steps unaided and went home well. She was afterwards able to walk around the town, erect and vigorous, and her case caused much astonishment both to the doctors and the public in that neighborhood. Her daughter, Mrs. Eliza Stratford, with her husband and the whole Stratford family, embraced the Gospel, have ever been faithful to it and are well known in Utah, particularly in Ogden city.

A still more remarkable case was that of Mrs. Mary Coult, who, with her husband, William Coult and family, embraced the Gospel, and they also eventually came to Utah and remained faithful to the end. This lady was afflicted with a peculiar disease in one of her hands. It had been treated for years by the doctors, and she had also been in a hospital with it, but no treatment had any effect upon it. The inside of the hand was covered with a sort of incrustation, giving it the appearance of the outside of an oyster-shell. It was thick and hard and dry, and each joint of the fingers was cracked and frequently bleeding. By the administration of the ordinance for the sick, she was healed of a chronic headache to which she had long been subject, and one evening she showed me her afflicted hand, which she usually kept covered with a glove. I asked her if she had faith in the Lord that her hand could be healed. She replied yes, for she knew she had been cured of the terrible pain in her head.

I anointed the hand with consecrated oil and rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, commanding it to depart, and sealing upon her the blessing of health and strength. She replaced the glove, and next morning, on awakening from her sleep, she found that she was able to close both her hands. She pulled off the glove, and her diseased hand was clean and whole, every whit, except one crack that remained on the inside of the thumb, but which healed up in the course of a few days. I was told by one of her sons that the substance, with which her hand had been coated, was rolled up in bunches on the inside of the glove. Sister Coult, many times, in public meetings held up her hand and showed it in testimony of the power of God

made manifest in the latter days. She did this not only in Maldon where the healing occurred, but in other places in the county of Essex. She afterwards came to Utah and lived in the Ninth ward of this city for some years, and at her death I preached her funeral sermon.

Some time after this and other healings which the Lord wrought through the prayer of faith, I was removed from that part of the mission field and sent into Hertfordshire. In the town of St. Albans a family resided who were members of the Church, and the mother was afflicted with a disease in one of her hands similar to that of which Sister Coult was healed. This lady also had been doctored for years without effect, and her hand not being anything like so severely afflicted as in the other case, I proceeded to administer to her in the same way, with the full expectation of beholding similar results. But after repeated administrations no visible change occurred, and some years after the lady apostatized, and I heard no more of her.

These two cases illustrate the difference between living, fervent faith, and that which may be called desire, hope, expectation or other term for that which is not really the faith that is a spiritual force and which, according to the teachings of Christ, makes all things possible. They also show that the Lord manifests His power as He will, and that our wishes are not always consonant therewith. I have heard physicians, philosophers and scientists explain how nervous and mental disorders yield to the power of mind and will, and how imaginary complaints and weaknesses are cured by the influence exercised by the strong over the weak, but I have never found anyone who could explain, by ordinary reasoning of cause and effect, the remarkable and rapid cure wrought upon the hand of Sister Mary Coult, and I am simple enough to believe that it was done by the power of God through faith in Jesus Christ, and therefore to our Eternal Father be the praise and the glory.

*Charles W. Penrose.*

## A LITTLE REFORMER.

A GREAT tear welled up into Cissy's blue eye, and splashed down her cheek.

"If we only could have stayed, mama," she said, with a little sob catching in her throat.

"Still grieving, Cissy—when it cannot be helped, and we have tried so hard to make you happy!"

"There is nothing that can make me happy in this place," cried Cissy, rebelliously. "It is still as a graveyard and almost as dull, after a place like that we have lived in. No matinees, or excursions, or street cars, or anything to help keep one alive.

"If those are the things we live for, we certainly are in a bad way in Dalesville," responded her mother.

"Well," said Cissy, flushing a little at the meaning tone, "if it was only clean, and if we had nice neighbors! But

to go around town and see the dirt, and then come home only to look out of our front windows and be sickened with something worse, is enough to take the heart out of any one. I haven't even a playmate—unless I go with that Milly Pond—and I'd rather—"

Her mother raised her eyes at Cissy's scornful and angry tone with a look that made Cissy flush again.

"Have you ever spoken to her, Cissy?"

"Yes. But she took advantage of it, and came over the next, day and—"

"Well?"

"Well, mama, she's so untidy, and so careless in her talk and every way, that I don't care to associate with her. Why she doesn't even know how to sew—not even doll-dresses or patchwork."

"Perhaps she would be glad to learn. Cissy."

"Well, her mother—"

"Her mother is much to be pitied, dear. She has had a sad life—any woman whose husband drinks has enough to take almost all pride and hope and ambition from her heart. There is a trouble in that untidy little cottage across the way, that we know nothing about, dear, and perhaps if it had come into our lives, we might not have been any better."

Cissy's young face looked thoughtful. "And yet, mama," she said, presently, "if they tried hard to have pride, and to do their part, it might help the poor man to do better."

"There is a very great truth in that, dear; and perhaps if they had someone to take an interest in them, it would help to bring more hope and ambition into their lives. We are all like the blocks of stone in a great building, dear, each helping the other to uprear a beautiful edifice, if we will; and each aiding to bring about the downfall of the whole structure if any of us fail in our part."

"Haven't the Pond's had anyone to take an interest in them, mama?"

"I'm afraid not, dear; from all I hear their neighbors have left them very much alone—probably from the same reason that tempted you; and you can understand how soon we could cease to care for ourselves, if no one cared for us."

"Yes, mama," said Cissy soberly. Her eyes were dim again with tears, but not the selfish ones that had been there first.

"Now that we are all settled in our new home, I shall have time to see more of all our neighbors," said her mother, "and this afternoon I am going across to call upon Mrs. Pond."

"I think I would like to go with you, mama," said Cissy.

* * * * * *

"I guess my stitches are too big," said Milly, looking ruefully at the hem on the doll's dress she had been making.

"They are much better than mine were the first time I sewed," declared Cissy, "and I think it's wonderful how well you've done since you began. Mama had to show me a great deal when I was learning."

They were sitting in the corner of the pretty living room in Cissy's home at work on their dolls' wardrobe, while Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Pond sat before the grate-fire and chatted. Milly's pleased smile brightening her face at Cissy's praise, came and brought her work to show her mother.

"Yes, it's first rate, Milly, only you'll have to take shorter stitches and hold your work so," commented Mrs. Pond.

"It's strange," she went on, in a lower voice to Mrs. Pond, "how the child has seemed to take to sewing lately. I've tried to show her, myself once or twice

before, but she didn't seem to take any interest in it. I guess its having some one to sew with, that's more of her own age. She hasn't had many playmates." A little shadow came into her eyes, and Mrs. Blake spoke quickly.

"Milly is very apt to learn—it is astonishing how quickly she has taken it up. With a little practice, she will soon be able to help you out with your own sewing, Mrs. Pond."

"I don't know how it would seem, hardly, not to have every stitch to take myself," said the other. "It seems as if I have so much to do, I just have to let the children go looking anyway." She spoke in an apologetic way with a glance at Millie's gown which had been many times mended. "Some way I've got so I don't much care how things go. It don't seem to matter much."

The discouraged note was in her voice that Mrs. Blake had so often heard.

"It will seem different, I am sure, with Milly growing to be such a big girl, and learning to be a help to you," she suggested.

A pleased look flitted across the mother's face. "Yes, Milly can be a comfort to me when she's old enough to help take some responsibility. It's not that I want to burden her—but it seems sometimes if I just had someone to help bear—"

She stopped, with a little break in her voice, and then went on hastily, "It's done me good to see her enjoy herself with Cissy—it seems like she's been a new child lately. I've brought over some pieces of old silk here, I thought they might use for their dolls. They used to be dresses that I wore out long ago."

She unrolled her parcel and showed several strips of bright silk that brought the two girls from their corner with glad exclamations.

"My dear Mrs. Pond, this one is quite too good to be used for dolls," objected her hostess, laying one of the larger strips aside. "Please let me persuade you to keep this piece, even if they use the others—it will make you a beautiful table-scarff."

"I didn't think of that," said her visitor, hesitatingly. "I haven't much use nor place for ornaments in the house. If you have scarfs and fancy things in your rooms, you've got to have carpets and furniture to go with them."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Blake, cheerily; "I want you to praise this rug, I have manufactured myself. It is made out of two old carpets. I took the best of one of them for the center, and the best of the other for a border, painted the edges of the floor myself, and here is the result."

"I have been thinking ever since I came in how nice it looked," said Mrs. Pond, "but I never could have dreamed you'd done it yourself."

"I am very proud of it," laughed Mrs. Blake, "and when you clean house, if you need any skilled workmen, I offer my services."

Her visitor blushed. "It's right kind of you to offer," she responded, "but someways I don't seem to have any heart to tear up the house for the little we can do. Its been so long since we could afford to buy anything new—"

"I am sure your carpets can outmatch these in my rug," her hostess interrupted cheerily again; "and as for the library, the small rug in the center there is made out of nothing more than black and red rags, with a wool fringe."

Mrs. Pond rose and looked at the rug with thoughtful and curious eyes. "I've got plenty of red and black rags," she said, presently, in a thoughtful tone.

"Then we must have a sewing-bee" said Mrs. Blake, decisively, "with you

and I and the girls at work, it will take only a short time to manufacture the rug, and if you decide to have one like this too I can guarantee with your help to have it made and laid in three days. Then as for painting the edges of the floors, you can do that yourself."

Mrs. Pond's discouraged face brightened with the first look of interest her hostess had seen in the month of their acquaintance.

"Why if you would—if you think it's worth while," she stammered, "there's the two carpets in the front rooms I could tear up."

"It will be a pleasure," said Mrs. Blake brightly. "If only to show off my own skill as a teacher in manufacturing and the fine arts,"

"Mama," said Cissy presently, when their visitors had gone," I spoke to the teacher today about the clean city clubs we had in the schools at home, and he said he wanted us to form one right away. That's what made me late today—he kept the school, to talk to them about the club. All of us commenced work on the way home, and gathered up every scrap of paper we saw on the sidewalk."

"That is the only right way, dear. If you see that things are wrong about you don't waste time finding fault, but try to help to make them straight. I am glad, too, dear, because it will give you something to do, and think about, and help keep you from getting lonesome."

"Lonesome, mama! I haven't been lonesome for a long time," Cissy asserted. "Milly's real nice to play with, now that I know her better. Besides, she's a great deal more careful about her clothes and talk. And oh—I forgot to tell you—the school elected her vice-president of our club. I tried to have them choose her for president, because I thought it would help her more than me, but—"

Mrs. Blake stooped and kissed Cissy's earnest face. "That was my brave little girl," she said, lovingly, "and I know you have made both yourself and Milly very happy."

"If it wasn't for missing the matinees," said her father, who had came in unobserved and had overheard some of the talk—"and street cars, and other things that make life worth living."

"Matinees!" exclaimed Cissy scornfully, "I'd rather be president of the Clean City Club than go to all the matinees in the world."

"Hurrah for the president!" cried her father, "and three cheers for the pioneer of civic reform in Dalesville. At this rate, I wouldn't be surprised if some day we should have a president of the United States in the family."

"I don't know what civic reform is," said Cissy, flushing a little at her papa's accustomed teasing, "and I don't want to be president of any country."

"Then I shan't have to furnish money for anything but a clean city campaign," retorted her father, "and you can count upon me to give my distinguised daughter what aid I can in carrying out her plans for municipal reform. I don't suppose I can ever aspire for any such high honor as a presidential chair, but I will do my best as a humble assistant in your schemes."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Cissy in her usual vain effort to quench her father's fun making—and then brightened at a thought—"but I believe you really can help, papa."

* * * * * *

It was a month later. Spring had come, and the dandelions and buttercups gleamed like myriads of gold buttons on the green uniform that the lawns and meadows had put on at the first call of the spring sunshine. Mrs. Bain, who lived a block further down the street had run in to sit a minute with Cissy's mother

on the front porch of the pretty cottage, and both were enjoying the cool twilight air, and the scent of the flowers that bordered the gravelled walk.

"Will wonders never cease!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Bain, in a low voice, glancing from under her brows at the yard across the way. "If there aint Jim Pond digging dandelions out of his front yard. I thought the millenium had come when I heard he'd let his folks pull the weeds up and put a lawn in; but I never dreamed on earth to see him set a hand to keepin' the place straight himself. I wonder what has got into them Pond's anyway. They don't seem like the same tribe lately. Never remember since they lived here of 'em ever cleanin' house fall or springtime before. Looks as if a new spirit had got hold of 'em."

"They are going to be very nicely fixed inside the cottage, too," said Mrs. Blake. "The floors are painted, and with the rugs and the pretty curtains, it will look like new."

"Have you been over there?" asked Mrs. Bain, the strong note of surprise in her tone bringing a broad smile into her hostess's face.

"Quite often;" replied Mrs. Blake, quietly. "I find them very interesting and pleasant neighbors. Mrs. Pond has had a great deal of varied experience, and I have been able to profit both by her society and suggestions."

Mrs. Bain stared. "They always seemed such a shiftless set," she commenced.

"They have been what unfortunate circumstances have conspired to make them," her hostess interrupted.

"Well, I never could see how circumstances of any kind could excuse sloth and shiftlessness rejoined her neighbor warmly.

"I partly agree with you and yet I'm afraid," said Mrs. Blake softly, "that with little to make life happy in itself and none to care if it were sad or bright we might all lose the hope that is the sole foundation of ambition. It takes a strong and great soul to rise superior to indifference and neglect even without the mingled troubles that make the portion of daily life."

Mrs. Bain stared out at the sprinkler playing on the lawn, and did not answer.

"Have you finished housecleaning yet?" asked Mrs. Blake after a little while.

"Yes; I done the last room yesterday." She waited a moment and then said, "I guess when the Pond's get through with theirs, I'll go and call on Mrs. Pond. Maybe she thinks it's strange I haint ben before."

*Josephine Spencer.*

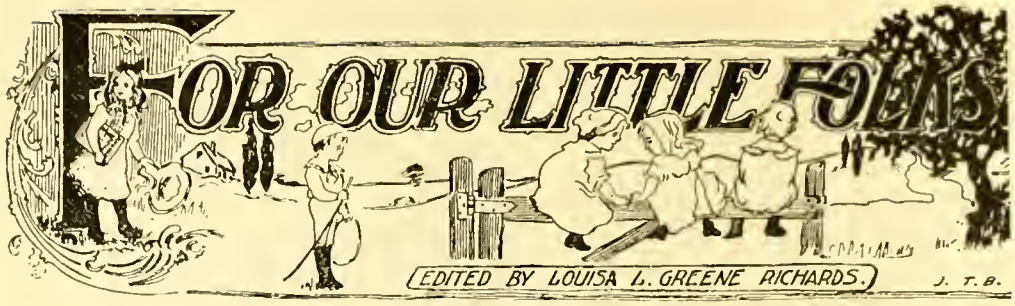
### BE STRONG!

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matter not how deep entrenched the wrong.
How hard the battle goes; the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on. Tomorrow comes the song.

*Selected.*




### ROSS AND KARL.

IT was a beautiful morning in early summer, long years ago, in a small town. Ross Hunt whistled softly as he ran along on his way to school. He had done all his chores quickly without having to be reminded more than once of anything he had been asked to do. He had also studied his lessons well, and knew every one of them. Besides, he would be at the school house twenty minutes or half an hour before school time, and could have a good play with the other children. Why should he not whistle and be glad? "Ross! oh Ross!" he heard someone call as he was passing Grandma Gray's house. And looking 'round, Ross saw Grandma Gray herself beckoning him to come to her. He went quickly back to where she stood in her yard preparing breakfast for her chickens.

"Good morning, Grandma," said Ross with a smile. "Is there anything I can do for you today?"

"Yes," Grandma answered, putting her hand into a deep, old-fashioned pocket in the side of her dress. "You can take this, my boy, with my very best thanks." And she put a shining new silver dollar into the boy's hand.

"What shall I do with it, Grandma?" asked Ross.

"Do what you please with it, it's your own, and it would be ten times as much if I had it," said the old lady.

"Why is it mine, Grandma? you never owed me anything," said Ross, wondering what she could mean.

"Don't I owe you anything, though?" asked Grandma. "What you did for me last Sunday while I was in meeting was worth a hundred dollars, and more!"

"Oh! That was nothing but what anyone would have done who saw the danger to your place as I did. I should never think of taking anything for that small duty which happened to come in my way," Ross replied, holding the dollar toward the old lady that she might take it again.

"Do you call it a small duty, Ross," asked Grandma, "when you worked as you did in the rain for I don't know how long, getting drift wood out of the creek which had come down from a cloudburst in the hills, and was making a dam against the bridge that would have caused the flood to wash away my chicken house, fill my cellar with water and destroy my garden? I do not think it a small matter for a boy like you to have the good judgment to know how to do such a thing, and the goodness of heart to go to work and do it."

"Oh, well!" said Ross, "I am glad if I helped you, but I do not want your money, thank you all the same, Grandma."

"I shall feel much hurt if you do not keep the dollar now," said Grandma. "And sometime I shall do much more for you."

"Oh, I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Ross, "and if I must, I will take the dollar and thank you."

Then he thought of the play he was missing, and hurried off to the school house.

"Good morning, Karl, what are you doing here?" Ross said to a boy much younger than himself, whom he found looking in at the school house window.

"I was wishing I had a book and could read," answered Karl.

"Why don't you come to school?" Ross asked.

"I have to stay home and take care of the baby and do errands while mother sews and irons for folks," Karl answered.

"LET'S SEE IF WE CAN TELL?"

"Then I should think your mother could teach you to read," said Ross.

"She could, some, if we had the right kind of a book," said Karl.

"Well, now, you look at the books in the window here, and tell me the letters on them," said Ross, "and let's see if we can tell what kind of a book you should have to learn to read from."

Karl did as Ross said, named the letters on a number of the books in the window, and Ross told him what they spelled.

"I think I know about what kind of a book you should have," said Ross. "And now, if you go home and are very good to your mother and the baby, likely you will have a book of your own soon, and your mother will teach you to read in it."

"Do you think that, real sure, Ross?" asked Karl with such a broad, funny smile that Ross had to laugh heartily.

"Yes, I do, Karl, think it very sure!" said Ross earnestly.

And Karl skipped away home, very happy in the hope that what Ross thought, would surely come true.

"That's what I'll do with Grandma Gray's dollar!" said Ross to himself. "I should not feel well in spending it for myself, but it will be all right to help poor little Karl with it."

And that same afternoon, before going home, Ross went to the book store and spent the whole dollar for two books suited to Karl's needs. One was a primer from which he could learn to read first, and the other a larger book with nice stories and recitations in which he could learn to read from later. In both books were pretty pictures with which Karl could please the baby.

Not only were Karl and the baby delighted with the books which Ross took to them, but their mother also thanked him many times over, and said she would be so happy in teaching Karl to read every word in them.

One evening a few weeks later, Ross called to see how Karl was getting along with learning to read. And very pleased was he when the little boy took the larger book and read to him the following recitation:

DUTIFUL JEM.

There was a poor widow,
Who lived in a cot;
She scarcely a blanket
To warm her had got;
Her windows were broken,
The walls were all bare,
And the cold winter wind
Often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and
Too feeble to spin,
Her forehead was wrinkled,
Her hands weak and thin;
And bread she'd have wanted.
As many have done,
If she had not been bless'd
With a good little son.

But he loved her well.
Like a dutiful lad,
And thought her the very
Best friend that he had;
And now to neglect or
Forsake her, he knew,
Would be the worst thing
He could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy,
And active and stout,
While his poor mother scarcely
Could hobble about;
And he thought it his duty,
And greatest delight,
To work for her living
From morning till night.

So he started each morning,
As gay as a lark,
And worked all day long
In the fields, until dark;
Then came home again
To his dear mother's cot,
And cheerfully gave her
The wages he got.

And oh, how she loved him!
How great was her joy,

To think her dear Jem
  Was a dutiful boy!
Her arm 'round his neck
  She would tenderly cast,
And kiss his red cheek,
  While her tears trickled fast.

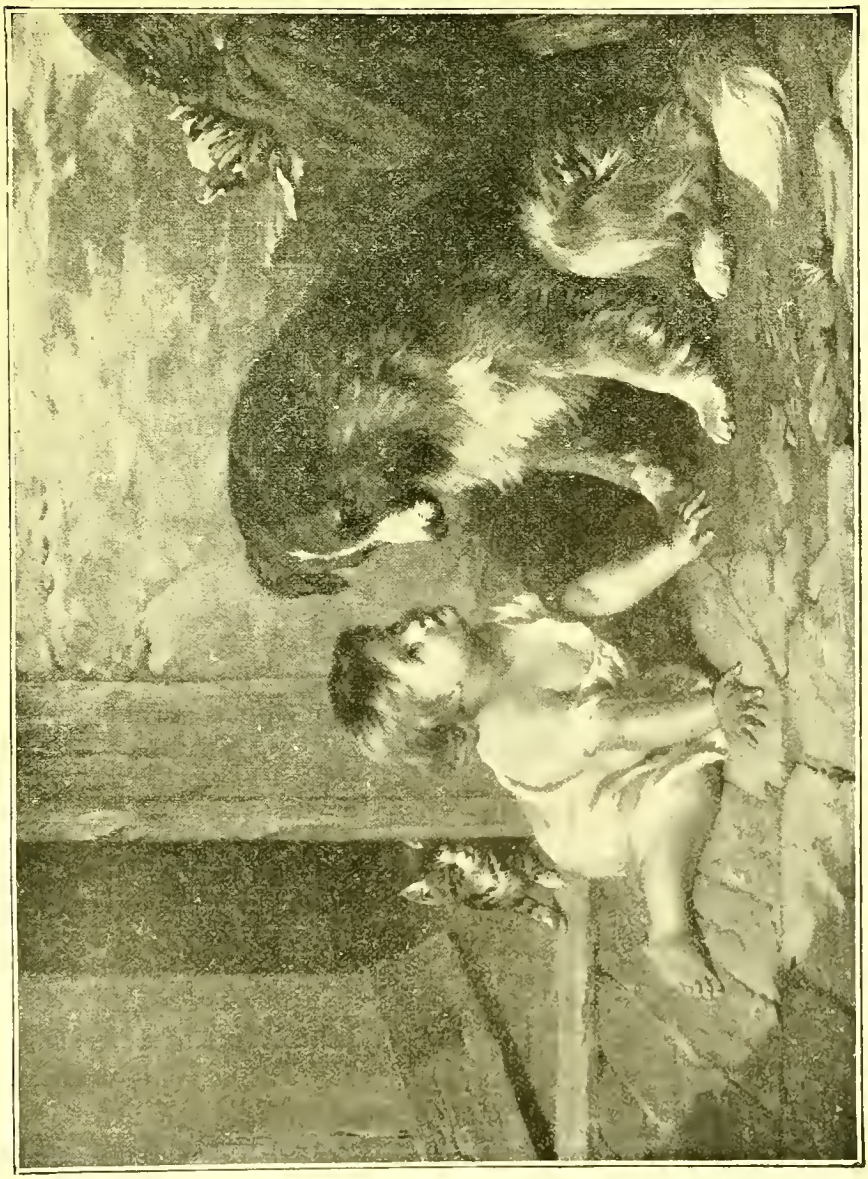
Oh! then was not little Jem
  Happier far
Than naughty and idle
  And wicked boys are?

For as long as she lived,
  'Twas his comfort and joy,
That he'd been to his mother
  A dutiful boy."

## CAN'T YOU TALK?

WE imagine the little child is putting just such a question to the dog.

No, he can't talk, though he certainly looks wise enough, but we are sure he



"CAN'T YOU TALK?"

understands, and without saying a word he can act well his part, which counts the most in this world.

How quickly would the noble dog seek to fulfill a command given him by his master, how eager to come at his call; how watchful that no thief should enter the house in the still night while the inmates sleep! His language is plain enough when danger threatens, and we are sure no harm could come to his little friend when he is near.

He is a fearless and trusty servant under all circumstances. When he acts nobly he looks for no reward. Perhaps he just feels he has done his best and that makes him happy and anxious for the next call. In fact, he might take for his motto, "I cannot talk, but I can serve."

All service is sweet when it is given willingly and promptly.

*B.*

### A REASONABLE CHILD.

They say I am fretful and sulky and cross,
That I'm snappish and petulant, too:—
That I won't play at all, unless I can be boss,
And dictate what others shall do.
But I always am pleasant and smiling and bright,
When my playmates do just as I say,
And I never incline to a quarrel or fight,
If I only can have my own way.

They say that, whenever a feast is prepared,
I clamor for more than the rest;
That I am not content if it's equally shared,
But I must have the most and the best.
Of course, I expect them, I frankly admit,
To give me the best on the tray:
And I'll never be surley or sulky a bit,
If I only can have my own way.

They say over trifles I worry and fret,
And at nothing I'm often put out;
They say, if opposed, I fly into a pet,—
At the least contradiction I pout.
But truly my temper I never will lose,
And I'll always be merry and gay,
If I am but allowed to do just as I choose,
If I only can have my own way.

—*Selected.*

### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

#### Killed by Lightning.

FREDONIA, ARIZONA.

Our Sunday School teacher requested a number of our class to write letters to the Letter-Box in the JUVENILE, and bring them to her and let her see which one would be the nicest to send. Our teacher's name is Mary C. Jensen.

When my papa was about four years old his mother was killed by lightning. He is forty-eight years old now, and is the first counselor to the Bishop of this ward.

On arbor day the school had a grand time. The whole school planted an elm tree and called it "George Washington." This is my first letter.

Your new friend,

ARTIMISSIA BURNETT,
Age 12 years.

#### A Snow Storm.

ESCALANTE, UTAH.

I do not see anything in the Letter-Box from far-off Escalante, so my auntie says I may write a letter. I am nine years old. My mother died when I was one month old. I have two brothers and three sisters older than myself. I am in the third reader; I go to Sunday School; my auntie is my teacher. It is snowing here today.

SOPHIA WOOLEY.

#### Names of Teachers and Pets.

LEWISVILLE, IDAHO.

My primary teacher is my mama. I am nine years old. Sister Nancy King-

horn and Sister Hattie Jones are my Sunday School teachers. We have a black colt named Schley, and a pet calf named Camilla.

MILLIE GRACE KINGHORN.

### Died in California.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I never have seen a letter from the Eighth Ward in the Letter-Box, so I thought I would write one. Our primary has closed for the summer now. My papa died in California four years ago, and now I live with grandma and mamma. I am ten years old. I have only one sister and she is in Kentucky. This is my first letter.

Your new friend,

MARGARET M. MCKENZIE.

### Sugar Making.

MILLVILLE, UTAH.

I live on a farm about a mile and a quarter from the sugar factory. I was down there and saw them making sugar. It is a great sight to see beets washed. They are washed very clean by machinery, then they are ground up, the juice is heated and is called syrup. When it cools it is brown sugar. It is put in boilers and turned around until it becomes light, and it is sprinkled with something that looks like water. When it is done it is run through a spout and comes out white sugar. It is then put in sacks and shipped away.

From your friend,

ELMER HENINGER.

### How I Was Healed.

BEAVER CITY, UTAH.

For eleven weeks I had been sick in bed with nervous prostration. I had been prayed for in the temple and was getting better, but one day I was worse again. Apostle Teasdale was down here attending conference and my father got him and Brother Shepherd to come and help him administer to me. And after that I never had another bad spell but got well. I know it was the power of God that healed me and I think we should be very thankful for the great blessings which we enjoy.

STANLEY T. FOTHERINGHAM.

Age 12 years.

## TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Words by L. L. Greene Richards. Music by L. C. Read.

Tenor Solo, or Tenor and Alto, or Soprano and Alto.
O, to un - der - stand Thee ev - er, Faith - ful, true and gen - tle Guide!
Thou, a por - tion of the God - head, Which from heav - en doth de - scend,
Let me, tho' the world's com - mo - tion Should like surg - ing tor - rents roll,
pp
Cres.
All Thy lines to strict - ly fol - low, That Thou need'st not grieve or chide.
To a - bide on earth with mor - tals, Man's un - err ing, con - stant friend.
Hear Thy still, small voice, like mu - sic, Sound - ing ev - er in my soul;
Cres.
mf
Chorus
Cres.
To be read - y for each les - son, Which Thy wis - dom may im -
Lead me ev - er, kind - ly, safe - ly, Towards our peace - ful home a
Catch each chord, dis - tinct, un brok - en, Throughout all the strife and
part; To de - tect Thy faint - est warn ing— O, to know Thee
bove; Teach me of the Fa - ther's mer - cy, And the Son's re
din; 'Till I reach the gate ce - lest - ial, And am bid - den,
as Thou art.
deem - ing love.
"En ter in."

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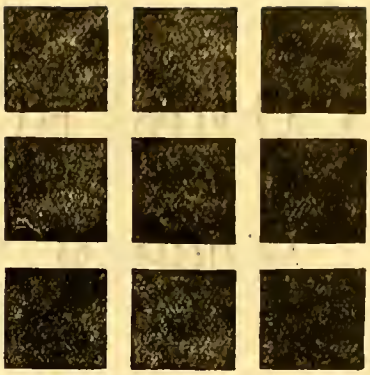

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